

Zoo for Chicago in Forest Preserve



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

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CHICAGO will have within the next five years—and probably much sooner—the Chicago Zoological Gardens—the best in the United States and probably without an equal in the world. This zoo will be established on 300 acres donated by Mrs. Harold F. McCormick of Chicago. This site is three miles west of the city line and 14 miles from the city hall. The feature of the zoo, aside from its size and comprehensiveness, will be the exhibition of its animals under the "natural conditions" system.

Chicago Zoological Gardens is its name, but its ownership and management—at least at first—will be a sort of composite affair. There is to be a Chicago Zoological Gardens society made up of Chicago citizens. Mrs. McCormick gave the land to the Forest Preserves of Cook county. These are owned by the people in perpetuity and are controlled by the Forest Preserve district of Cook county. This district was organized as a separate taxing body by the Illinois legislature. The Cook county commissioners by virtue of their office are Forest Preserve commissioners. It appears, however, that these Forest Preserve commissioners are without legal warrant directly to undertake the enterprise. The public will therefore have to furnish the means of war, for a while at least.

In these circumstances the Forest Preserve commissioners appointed a committee to visit the zoo of the United States and get helpful information. Commissioners Frank J. Wilson, chairman; William M. Maclean and George A. Miller constitute this committee. The sub of their report to President Peter Reiberg and the commissioners lies in their "suggested plan of organization," as follows:

"In view of the program adopted by various zoological enterprises, domestic and foreign, it is the opinion of your committee that the honorable president of this board further recognize the great generosity of Mrs. McCormick in the co-operation of a body of representative citizens of Cook county, men and women and, through them, organize the Chicago Zoological Gardens society. As the commissioners of the Forest Preserve district are without legal warrant to directly undertake the work of underwriting the enterprise, it would become the direct business of the society to take formal action with reference to financing, installing and maintaining the same in a manner commensurate with its importance.

"The authority of your board thus being limited, assistance may be required in the event of a more active or extended participation in the conduct of the garden. This authority necessarily must be procured through legislative enactment and the promotion of this may be safely left in the hands of the influential body of men comprising the corporate membership of the proposed society. In this connection it is obvious that the people of the entire state of Illinois may be enlisted upon to lend their support to any assistance the great project deserves.

Inasmuch as the building, installation and maintenance of the zoo will depend upon sources of income outside the jurisdiction of the Forest Preserve district, it is instructive to note how the various zoos of the country are financed. The New York Zoological society, for example, is conducted by the New York Zoological society of which Dr. W. T. Hornaday is director and general curator. This famous zoo contains 294 acres, has 3,450 specimens of 998 species of mammals, birds and reptiles, and attracts about 1,775,000 visitors annually. Its sources of income are:

(1) From the Zoological society, through subscription from private citizens for plans, for the erection of buildings, aviaries, dens and other accommodations for animals and for the purchase of animals.

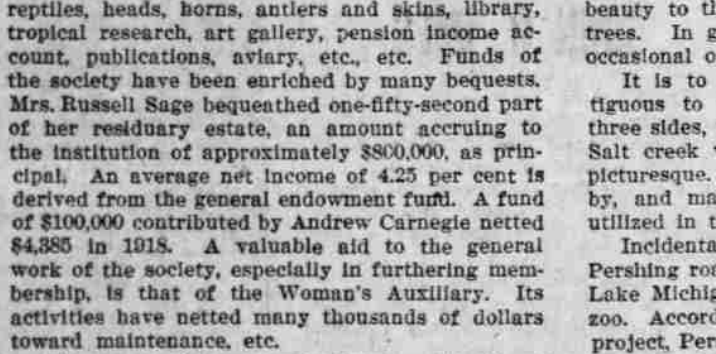
(2) From the city of New York certain funds for the construction of walks, roads, sewers and drainage, water supply, public comfort buildings, entrances, grading, excavating of large ponds and lakes, animal maintenance and also for animal buildings.

The membership of the society, as of December 31, 1918, was 2,290, divided into the following classes: Benefactors, founders in perpetuity, founders, associate founders, patrons, life members, annual members, fellows, honorary members, corresponding members. Annual dues are ten dollars, payable in advance and of annual members of all walks of life there were 1840. The by-laws provide membership fees as follows: in addition to the annual class: Life, \$200; patron, \$1,000; associate founder, \$2,500; founder, \$5,000; founder in perpetuity, \$10,000; benefactor, \$25,000. Persons who have rendered marked service in the science of zoology may be elected honorary members, the nominations not exceeding three a year. The society's membership rolls contain the names of many New Yorkers of wealth and national prominence.

As is the case with other large zoological institutions, that in New York has been favored in the matter of accession through gifts by friends of the society. It has been the practice of members of the New York society, when abroad, to keep a watchful eye after such specimens as would be acceptable and ship them to New York. The endowment funds of the society are numerous and supply various needs. They include



PETER REIBERG, President Cook County Commissioners



FRANK J. WILSON, Chairman Zoological Gardens Society

endowments toward maintenance, animals, birds, reptiles, heads, horns, antlers and skins, library, tropical research, art gallery, pension income account, publications, aviary, etc., etc. Funds of the society have been enriched by many bequests. Mrs. Russell Sage bequeathed one-fifty-second part of her residuary estate, an amount according to the institution of approximately \$800,000, as principal. An average net income of 4.25 per cent is derived from the general endowment fund. A fund of \$100,000 contributed by Andrew Carnegie netted \$4,885 in 1918. A valuable aid to the general work of the society, especially in furthering membership, is that of the Woman's Auxiliary. Its activities have netted many thousands of dollars toward maintenance, etc.

The terms of the contract between the city of New York and the society state that the city shall annually provide the necessary funds for the maintenance and care of the zoological gardens, its buildings, enclosures and improvements made from time to time, and the animals and collections. This is a part of the consideration for the society throwing open its collection to the public free of charge on five days of the week. The city, in addition, is spared the expense of maintaining a park of 294 acres. The total cost to the city for the upkeep of the park and the aquarium for the year 1918 was less than eight cents for each visitor.

St. Louis has an ambitious zoo project under way. The site of 67 acres in Forest Park is excellently adapted by nature to the purpose. The Zoological Society of St. Louis held its first meeting October 11, 1911. A city ordinance setting aside the Forest Park tract was passed December 2, 1913. The Missouri legislature then gave the city of St. Louis the right to vote on a one-fifth of a mill tax for construction and maintenance, and the voters passed the measure by a heavy majority. This tax amounts to approximately \$140,000 a year.

The site of the Chicago zoo is favorably located. Reference to the small map given here will make this plain, in connection with the following summary of the result of an inspection by Emmet J. Flavin, chief engineer of the Forest Preserve district:

"The Chicago Zoological Gardens tract may be reached from the city via the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad to Riverside or by way of the suburban electric lines, one of which skirts the southern boundary of the property. Automobile routes are numerous, the most convenient at present being that via Ogden avenue to Riverside and thence north to Desplaines avenue and the grounds. Another route is along Roosevelt road (West Twelfth street) to Desplaines avenue and thence along West Thirty-first street to the northeast corner of the tract.

"The grounds are centrally located within the boundaries of Cook county and not more than four miles from the Loop district or business section of downtown Chicago. They are situated in the village of Riverside, three miles west of the municipal boundary of the city. The gardens are bounded on the east by the Desplaines river, west by Salt creek, north by West Thirty-first street and south by the Southern Electric railroad.

"Owing to their rectangular shape, being one and one-half miles east and west, and one-half mile north and south, a very desirable element is obtained, viz: a southern exposure which is necessary for the proper maintenance of a pretentious

zoological institution. At present the tract is, in part, covered with timber, there being much sturdy oak and hickory, with a scattering of deep underbrush, which, coupled with its undulating condition, present many ideal features for the purpose definitely set forth by the donor.

"With rivers along two sides of its boundaries the waterway advantages are apparent. The fact that the present meadow area may be easily converted into formal gardens, lending colorful beauty to the land, with its borders of majestic trees. In general the soil consists of clay with occasional outcroppings of rock."

It is to be noted that the zoo site is contiguous to forest preserve area (black) on three sides, thus making it an integral part of the Salt creek valley preserve, which is exceedingly picturesque. The Chicago drainage canal is close by, and material from the spoil banks will be utilized in the concrete work of the zoo.

Incidentally it may be stated that the projected Pershing road (Thirty-ninth street) will run from the lake to Cottage Grove avenue, 108 feet wide west to Cicero avenue, and 150 feet wide from that point to the zoo.

President Peter Reiberg, who is intensely interested in the zoo project as in everything else connected with the Forest Preserves, is about to name a committee charged with the duty of organizing the Chicago Zoological Gardens society. The work of organization is expected to proceed rapidly, as strong support of the project is promised in many quarters at present. Messrs. Wilson, Maclean and Miller, constituting the Chicago Zoological Gardens committee, are in charge of preliminary matters. Joseph Dillabough is committee secretary at 547 County building, Chicago.

Chicago has given the Forest Preserves an enthusiastic welcome. About 3,000,000 people picnicked or camped in the various preserves this summer. The recent encampment of Indians at Camp Reiberg, Deer Park (Palatine Preserve), under the auspices of the Chicago Historical society, attracted one of the largest gatherings outside of Chicago, in the history of Cook county. All sample proof of this; no wonder it is attracting the attention of (left to right) Chief Forester Ransome Kennelott, Dr. Henry C. Cowles, the noted botanist of the University of Chicago, and Dr. C. C. Adams of the New York State University of Forestry at Syracuse.

It is no wonder that President Reiberg and the county commissioners are enthusiastic over the zoo project as a feature of the forest preserve district. The fact that such men as Victor F. Lawson, Col. R. R. McCormick, Charles H. Wacker, Dwight H. Perkins, William A. Petersen and John C. Vaughan are citizen members of the Forest Preserve Plan committee shows that Chicago approves the recreational and educational features of the forest preserve idea.

Stewart Hodges, construction engineer, globe-trotter and big game hunter, has the honor of being the first Chicagoan to offer a contribution to the Chicago zoo. He has recently returned from two years in Africa and Asia, says he's going again and promises some interesting specimens.

Canada is under pledge to contribute largely from Canadian fauna. Canadian officials remember that John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. McCormick's father, presented Canada with \$50,000,000 to be used by its medical research institutions.

ample evidence available that music is going to be made available in one form or another to every man, woman and child in the world."

Lesson in Carefulness.

School children in Pittsburgh, at a schoolhouse on a street where many automobiles pass, who were crossing the street, were required to sit on a stone wall in front of the schoolhouse whenever school is let out until all the other children get across the street.

When the noise of the approach was heard, or as the saying went, "the echo of the bishop's footsteps" came, the citizens and yokels left bench and plow to sue for his blessing. The cooks were as anxious to receive this boon as anyone, and they would dash away from their fires, so that what was being cooking was very apt to be burned before they returned. In time anything that was spoiled was said to have "the bishop's foot in it," and this became changed to "someone put their foot in it."

The DARK MIRROR

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By
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The False Faces,"
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by Irwin Myers

MYSTERY!

Now she was in his arms, and glad. His lips closed on hers. For a long breath she was a mere thing of reeling senses.

"You love me!"

"I don't know," she murmured. "May be..."

"Tomorrow you will marry me, and we will go away—"

"I don't know—perhaps—yes, I will. But not tomorrow—not right away."

A rattle of shots sounded and, looking back, she saw the plain-clothes man pitch forward on his knees, then fall prone. The policeman, scrambling up pistol in hand, received the balance of the clip in Red's automatic and sank slowly down upon his side. Screaming with horror, the girl fell back from the window. Red dragged her after him, still screaming like a mad-woman.

Rousing on an elbow, Priscilla Maine found herself awake, with a racing heart, a throat swollen with a strangled cry of horror and a mind through whose painted muck the reflections of a woman's screams ran like a thread of purple light. It was true, then; she was safely restored to her own intimate environment, where nothing resembled even remotely that frowsy room where murders had been done.

From which it would appear that Priscilla Maine, the fashionable young heiress, had had a particularly vivid dream, in the wife of one man and had been rescued from the police by another—a red-handed gunman. But that doesn't entirely explain things, because the encounter with the police in the dream was described in detail in the evening newspapers. And of course Priscilla hadn't been there, though a girl just like her had been in the fight.

In short, in "The Dark Mirror," Louis Vance, whose fame as a writer of mystery stories is international, has told a most fascinating tale of something that resembles dual personality—but isn't. You will not be able to solve the mystery until the very end, for it almost baffles the physician-psychologist, who was doing his best since he was in love with Priscilla and naturally didn't want to give her up to her dream lover. And you will enjoy this exceedingly lively and quite unique story.

CHAPTER ONE

The Street of Strange Faces.

I. THE DARK CORNER.

The way of the thing was ever the same: It befell without warning; or rather, the girl had never learned to take heed of signs which seemed plain enough in retrospect, when she sat alone and puzzled her pretty head with the dark riddle of this shadowy life which set her so widely apart from every girl she knew and, indeed, from all the rest of humankind.

She had a way of restlessness, whose every hour brewed its new peculiar mood, whose every mood was purposeless, with times of almost feverish gaiety, careless, flippant, fugitive, and other times when for no reason in her knowledge she caught herself sighing long fluttering sighs that shook her strangely. So might one's spirit sigh in weariness, flit with the burden of incessant strife with some great antagonist of unguessable identity.

Toward nightfall all these were soothed away into a feeling of serene peace and self-possession, and satiate with consciousness of the rich, strong wine of vitality that quickened her, she thought of life in the likeness of a wide placid river, wherein she drifted like a fearless swimmer—a stream whose waters were warm and calm with a penetrating quality of delicious calm she never dreamed could be disturbed, so absolute it seemed, so permanent, so imperturbable.

Only the sighs persisted oddly, as if her spirit knew moments of melancholy of which her mind knew nothing.

And insidiously the tranquil surface of that contentment was flawed by apprehensions of nameless danger, of peril latent, stealthy and implacable; as though the swimmer, surrounded by monstrous shapes of evil skimming unseen in those opaque depths—er felt herself subtly ensnared by a current whose irresistible set was altogether toward destruction.

Now at length perceiving what was to come, panic paralyzed in her the instinct of self-preservation; though horror brimmed the cup of being, she made no effort to fight free, as one who knows that struggling must prove vain, resigned herself and let the beneficent current work its will with her. Fascination, too, was at work, deep within her a mad desire to go again that wild way she had so often gone, and once more be, and do, and see.

So it is, so it must be, with those to come, panic paralyzed in her the instinct of self-preservation; though horror brimmed the cup of being, she made no effort to fight free, as one who knows that struggling must prove vain, resigned herself and let the beneficent current work its will with her. Fascination, too, was at work, deep within her a mad desire to go again that wild way she had so often gone, and once more be, and do, and see.

On ahead, like a bend in the river, waited that turning in her psychic life which she knew as the Dark Corner: while she lay passive in the

grasp of that power which so obscurely had his rise in her yet was repugnant to her, being at once her Will and her Necessity. And as the Dark Corner drew momentarily more near, the transference which she termed the Change was effected by what may only be described as a convulsion of her very soul, after which came lassitude, a vast enervation in which all lingering traces of reluctance were obliterated.

Now she was no longer herself, but another woman than the one she knew, a strange woman clothed in her own flesh but in no other way akin to her Self of everyday, having no thought, impulse or emotion with which that Self could sympathize, save such as may be considered common to all flesh. Yet, incomprehensibly, consciousness of the old self-identity survived; and though (as she conceived it) dispossessed from its tenement, her Self continued by her body's side, observant, critical, intrigued, something amused.

In this wise rounding the Dark Corner, she passed into that place which she had named the Street of Strange Faces; and the enigma of this confusion of Self with non-Self was forgotten in the rush of exotic sensation and emotion, excitement and lawless joy, which invariably accompanied definite and final commitment to renewed pursuit of these transcendental adventures.

II. LEONORA.

Together with the Faces, its windows made the Street, being of many sorts, to each its own significant illumination: hard plate glass masks of saloons beaming false fellowship, mean shop fronts of ingratiating shine, windows of homely golden glow, others through whose latticed shutters filtered sinister gleams bespeaking the unspeakable, others again that gave only dull reflections in begrimmed panes of naphtha flames flaring luridly above pushcarts arrayed in unbroken lines along the curbs.

Through this welter of light and shadow, in the sidewalk channels, the Faces passed and repassed, lurking darkly in forbidding doorways, seeking brazenly the brightest glare, coming and going without rest, in uncouth carnival; kind and brutal, cunning and naïf, and wicked and innocent, swarthy, fair, unique, commonplace; faces that disgusted, faces that allured, faces that meant nothing, that were mere empty mouthing masks; faces of oriental cast, yellow and red and brown; negro faces in every shade of curvature.

She knew them all: they all knew her. The sense of strangeness ebbed; with every step, with every look around, with every breath she drew, she was losing touch with her other Self which and so singularly renounced its authority and faded into impotence at the Dark Corner, but which still kept step with her, clung to her more closely than her shadow, and like a wrath of the living, watched, noted and compared while taking part in actions wholly foreign to its nature and experiencing reactions obscure to it and unintelligible.

Now the girl moved swiftly, with ease and boldness, even with a hint of arrogance: giving the Faces look for look, smile for smile, frown for frown; laughing triumphantly up at a tall policeman who knitted black brows over indignant blue eyes; flinging retorts to the banter of a knot of men emerging from a gin-mill; chilling with glance and word the advances of those who should have known her; and those who had been in her wake, the tawdry virtues of their wares; passing now and again to exchange more kindly perusal with folk who held title to her liking; cutting an impudent figure, as confident and unabashed as a colt turned loose in home pastures.

Her sharp perceptions took in everything; not one considerable detail escaped their remark. And she liked it, she liked it all, she was curiously preoccupied to her very marrow with delight in sounds and sights and smells that her senses since time beyond her earliest record.

The Street, never wide, was the narrower for its double rank of pushcarts. Between these an occasional automobile or horse-drawn vehicle went gingerly to spare the multitude of arching, half-dressed and less than half washed, of every age and almost every nationality, that swarmed upon the asphaltum. Tenement houses—their fire escapes converted into balconies lavishly draped with candid bedding and still more candid women—were crowded close together on high, leaving visible only a slender ribbon of cobalt sky. In between the air was sluggish, thick with unnatural haze, and rank with many odors; an unholy alliance of garlic, fried fish, boiled cabbage and stale beer maintaining a debatable ascendancy over the native aroma of a stratum of society which holds soap less necessity than luxury. And the night was tumultuous with screams of children at crude play, howls of babies wallowing in neglect, bawling of street vendors, each striving to outyell his nearest competitor, clatter of tiny pianos, blare and whine of jaded phonographs; all relieved against a wholly normal undertone of incessant gossip.

The girl hugged to herself the joy of living; this was to her the breath of life; even more, it was enterprise, adventure, the very stuff of Romance. She went her way smiling, with a conscious smile bred of knowledge that she was dressed in her best, a her never best at that, garments of a cut and cost and quality such as the Street seldom saw.

Nevertheless, her show of nonchalance cloaked circumspection; if her looks were free and roving, they were likewise keen and watchful. Though the width of the Street was between them, she was well aware of two plain-clothes men who turned to stare when she had gone by and conferred together concerning her craftily, after the absurd manner of their kind, out of the corners of their mouths.

But that was a minor circumstance, more fun than reason for worry. They couldn't jug a girl for wearing good clothes, even if they didn't know where she had got them or how. . . . The stress of her attention was due to considerations far more weighty;

and when, of a sudden, at a crossing, she descried its cause, she checked in unfeigned dismay, with startled pulses.

III. THE MAN MARIO.

On the far corner a tall man, simply clothed, composed of habit, stood stiffly, hands clasped lightly before him in a gesture with which the girl was well acquainted, head and shoulders lifting above the crowd. Against the tawny flames of naphtha torches his profile was sharp and black, the silhouette of an ascetic, gravely fine; but none better than she knew how its austerity was belied by haunted eyes whose sincerity could wring truth from lips that moved to frame a lie.

And he was looking for her; she knew that, too.

In a hurry so real that it touched her anger, she swung aside into the by-street, a grim street that led anywhere but the way she wished to go. Yet she welcomed its sullen gloom and went swiftly, heedless of everything but the necessity of escaping, knowing in her heart she could not escape.

Her name was called in a voice of resonant timbre: "Leonora! I beg of you . . . It is I, Mario!"

She stopped and swung round with a specious show of surprise subsiding into indifference. Tone and manner were discouraging; but her heart was faint.

"Oh! hello! It's you . . ."

The man paused, hat in hand, his attitude one of pleading and reproach. "Informed with an ineffaceable dignity."

"You saw me, Leonora. Why did you run—from me?"

She tossed her head. "What makes you think I did?"

"I do not think; I know. You turned up the street to avoid me. Leonora, why?"

"If you thought that—that I wanted to be left alone—why'd you follow me?"

The man lifted his hands palms uppeast and let them fall.

"You know . . . I told you. I make no secret of that. I have told you—how many times?—a hundred? Yes—and you are not indifferent to me. You never said so, but . . . I know."

"Oh, my dear girl, that's too much to wish to hurt me. Is it not so?"

"Why, I don't want to hurt you, of course. But—if you've got to know—I was in a hurry. I've got a date—and I'm late."

"And I am detaining you! Forgive me—but let me go with you a little, way."

"The girl shot hunted glances right and left; then, since nothing in sight promised diversion, said ungraciously: "Nobody can stop your walking with me."

"Nobody but you, Leonora. One word—"

"One word from me and you'll do exactly as you please." With a nervous laugh—"Oh, come along!"—she turned back, walking hastily, the man Mario falling in at her side. "I just leave you didn't come all the way, though."

"You do not wish me to know where you go." He nodded sober confirmation of an unuttered guess. "I see . . ."

"You see a terrible lot!" The girl had a spasm of irritation. "You're always seeing things. Well, what do you see now?"

"You go to meet those others"—his tone was sad—"those whom I have so often begged you—"

"Guess it's my business who my friends are."

"Certainly you give me no right to make it mine. That cannot affect the truth that such associations are unwise."

"Maybe I'm best judge of that, too."

"Leonora, why pretend to me? Deceive yourself if you must and cannot not my own will; loves you as I do. Do not attempt it, even. It is so useless."

With a courtesy the more gratifying because it was so novel, Mario put his hand under her arm, lightly plotting her through the human masses of the bawling, shouting, and noisy crowd, and quickly led her behind.

After a little while, being in the wrong, she said sulkily: "I don't see why you're always making out I'm trying to put something over on you. I never promised . . ."

"True, you know what these friends of yours are, and their ways, whether they lead, their inevitable end. You know, if you persist, your fate must be as theirs."

"I guess what's good enough for my friends is good enough for me—"

"No, Leonora; you are too good for that—or I could not love you."

The man paused, and his hold on her arm drew the girl to an unwilling pause with him, midway down a dark, dead block of industrial buildings, with a windowless wall beside them and not a soul nearby to hear. The girl was distressed more than a little by this revelation of an affection more enduring and generous and frank than any she had ever known.

"I am not a common man," Mario was stating simple fact, innocent of conceit. "I know the world outside the one you know, and the men and women who live in it. Where I go, I look about me, and reflect on what I see. I am seldom mistaken in those who interest me. And you whom I love . . . I tell you, you are no more of this life than I, and you do a wrong thing, a wicked and cruel thing, when you trample down that which is good in you and might bring you to a splendid destiny."

Impressed in spite of herself, touched, and flattered, too, she looked uneasily away, twisting her hands together, her tongue faltering.

"I suppose you know what you mean . . ."

"Tomorrow you will marry me, and we will go away—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Look Into This.

If things don't come your way, perhaps it's because you are not in the right place—Boston Transcript.



When a Woman is Nervous—Worried

The lives of most women are full of worry. Men's troubles are bad enough, but women's are worse. Worry makes women sick. It pulls them down, and in their weakened condition they are subject to pains, aches, weakness, back-aches, headaches and dizzy spells. Most women neglect their health, and for this they pay the penalty. Any woman who finds that neglect does not pay. A little more attention to health would brighten up her life. If she asks her neighbors for advice, they will tell her to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a woman's whole system. It not only acts upon the troubles and weaknesses peculiar to women, but is an all-round tonic that braces the entire body, overcoming nervousness, sleeplessness, headaches, dizziness and a run-down condition.

MOUNT VERNON, ILL.—"I am glad to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription proved just as good as it is advertised to be. I was weak and lacked strength and ambition. I had worked hard and was poorly. I used the 'Favorite Prescription' and it gave me new strength, and seemed to put new life in me. I was pleased that it did so much for me and I am very glad to recommend it.—J. J. WILK, NEWBURY, Mo. 1213 West Broadway.

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your mouth tastes like all the mean things you ever did—mixed together, then you need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Your mouth is a good indication of the condition of the stomach and bowels.

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FOR ABSORBINE

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked 24 hours after delivery. Best for Absorbine, Jr., for mankies, the complete treatment for Blisters, Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins, Aches and Pains, and all other ailments of the horse or dog. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Clogged-Up Liver Causes Headache

It's foolish to suffer from constipation, sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, indigestion, and other kindred ailments when Carter's Little Liver Pills will end all misery in a few hours. Purely vegetable—will tell you more if you write. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

Recently a dispensary patient was placed on a strict and scant diet, on which she did not improve as was expected. The doctor sent a social worker out to investigate.

The patient admitted that she was much worse than she had been before, fully, that she had eaten everything as the doctor had ordered.

"What else did you eat?" asked the inspired social worker.

"Nothing except my regular meals," said the truthful patient.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against future attacks. These capsules, all druggists, look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not do anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment. I used it many times for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 40 Third avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone." A. B. Ruger, 1217 Washington avenue, Chicago, and all skin diseases. 35 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

KEMP'S BALSAM

Will Stop That Cough

"A few minutes more, Peggy dear, and Daddy will be back with the Kemp's Balsam. Then you can go to sleep and forget that horrid old cough."

PLAN HUSBAND \$100 TO HUSBANDS YOUNG FOR \$1. Make \$12 first day with absolutely no capital. ROACH, BOX 114, CENTRALIA, ILLINOIS.

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are dangerous. Get prompt relief from "Piso's." Stops irritation, soothes. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiate in

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To dance aboard a yacht in the Bay of Naples to orchestra music supplied by wireless telephone from London was the novel experience recently of a party of Guglielmo Marconi's guests.